

The Complaint of the Shepheard Harpalus:

To a pleasant new Tune.



Poore Harpalus, oppressed with loue,
late by a Tristall Brooke:
Thinking his sorowes to remoue,
oft times therein to looke:
And hearing how on pibble stones,
the murmuring riuier ran,
As if it had bewaild his grones,
vnto it thus began.

Faire streame (quoth he) that pitties me,
and heare my matchlesse me,
If thou be going to the sea:
as I doe now suppose,
Attend my plaints past all reliefe,
with dolefull breath,
Acquaint the Sea-monster with the griefe,
which still procures my death.

Who sitting in the cliffie Rocks,
may in their sonns expresse,
While as they combe their golden locks,
poore Harpalus distresse:
And so perhaps some passenger,
that passeth by the way,
May stay and listen for to heare
them sing this dolefull Lay.

Poore Harpalus, a Shepheard Swaine,
more rich in pouth then store:
Loud faire Philena, haplesse man,
Philena, oh therefore.
Who still, remouesle hearted maid,
doke pleasure in his paine:

And his good will poore soule, repaid
with vnder seru'd disdain.

Here Shepheard lou'd a Shepheardesse
more faithfully then he:
Here Shepheard yet beloued lesse
of Shepheardesse could be.
How oft did he with dying lookes,
to her his woes impart:
How oft his sighs did tell
the dolour of his heart:

How oft from Wallies to the Hills,
did he his griefe rehearse:
How oft re-echoed they his ill,
abacke againe (alas):
How oft on Barkes of stately Pines,
of Beech of Holly-greene,
Did he ingraue in mournfull lines,
the griefe he did sustaine:

Yet all his plaints could haue no place,
to change Philenas mind:
The more his sorowes did increase,
the more the proud vniad:
The thought thereof with wearied care,
poore Harpalus did moue,
That ouercome with high d. spaire,
he lost both life and Loue.

F. J. S.

D. M.

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